

Untitled

Contraband#2

In the key-chords of dawn

all waters are depthless.

The fish flash recalls

timberline clefts where water

pours between the rocks of frost.

We live the night and wait

for the day dream

(we fished the Mississippi with

Norville as children

catching mostly crawdaddies from

the brown silk water)

when we say "love is responsibility";

our poles are adrift in a sea of compliments.

Now you fish for me and I for you.

The line, the red bobber, the worm on the hook: the fishing more than the

eating: bones and scales and gutting knife make a loom of complexity so we are

forced to say "fishing is responsibility"

and put away our poles.

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